

**HOLIDAY TALES.**  
**BY A FRIEND TO YOUTH.**



**PROVIDENCE:**  
**WEEDEN & PEEK.**

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THE BALLOON.

THE BALLOON;

AND

THE GOOD BOY REWARDED.

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PROVIDENCE:

WEEDEN & PEEK.

1849.



## THE BALLOON.

"O HARRY, Harry! pray come here," cried Harriet to her brother, who was gathering wild flowers at a little distance, to make a nosegay for her: "do pray come, and tell me what that great thing is, which I see in the sky."

Harry ran directly to see the strange sight, but he laughed as he ran toward her, because he thought it could be nothing but a cloud. He had often seen clouds very oddly shaped, sometimes like little boys and girls, sometimes like houses; for he was a very clever little boy, observed every thing, and liked to be told the meaning of what he saw

With all his cleverness, however, Master Harry was very much surprised when his sister pointed out a great round thing mounting in the air with something hanging at the

lower part of it, just like their Papa's boat, which was kept in the boat-house near the river. "What can it be, Harriet?" said he, "it makes me think of a picture in one of my little books, where there is a great monstrous bird flying away with a poor lamb—but look ! look ! there are two men in that thing like a boat—O dear !—and flags !"

"I am frightened," said little Harriet, getting close to her brother, who was two years older than herself. "Suppose it were to fall down upon us, boat, and men, and all ; we should be killed, Harry !—but here comes old Giles, perhaps he can tell us what sort of creature it is which is flying away with the two poor men."

They went up to Giles directly ; but he could only tell them that the strange thing was called a Balloon, and that the men in the boat were two very clever gentlemen, who had found out the way to make the Balloon go up to the clouds, and even pass through them. "How it is done," added he, "I am but a poor labourer, and, as you may sup-



pose, not learned enough to be able to tell you; nor would you perhaps understand me if I could: but your Papa will explain it to you when you are older. All that I can say is, that if my father had had money to put me to school, I do not think it would have been thrown away, for I dearly love books. Master Harry, but, alack-a-day! I have no time for reading.

“I have no doubt but that the two gentlemen whom you see with the Balloon, when they were little boys, spent the greatest part of their time in learning their lessons, and reading such books as were given to them; and so they got on from little books to large books, till they grew up to be young men, and they found out this wonderful way of paying a visit to the clouds. Who knows, Master Harry, if you are not an idle young gentleman, but mind your lessons rather than spend all your time in play—who knows, I say, what wonderful thing you may one day find out?”

Harry was much delighted at the thought of being a man of learning, and as the Balloon was now out of sight, he ran home, to ask his Papa a dozen or two of questions ; and little Harriet was glad the *great creature* was gone, for she could not help being afraid that it would fall upon her head.

## THE GOOD BOY REWARDED.

CHARLES lived in the country with his Papa, who was so good as to teach him to read and write, and promised him, that, if he would be a good boy, when he was a year or two older, he would teach him a great deal more.

When the morning lesson was finished, his Papa went into his study, where he always spent an hour ; and then took a walk with his son before dinner. During that hour Charles was at liberty to amuse himself where he pleased ; for his Papa knew he was a good boy, and would not get into any mischief.

There was a very fine river, at no great distance from the house, and on its bank stood the hut of a fisherman.

This poor fellow maintained his family by carrying the fish which he caught to the next town, where he was glad



THE GOOD BOY REWARDED.

to sell it for what they would give him ; and, as there was great plenty in that part of the country, he got but a poor livelihood, though he took a great deal of trouble ; was often wet to the skin many hours together, whilst sitting in his little boat ; and sometimes came home so cold, that all the wood they had in their little kitchen was scarcely sufficient to warm him.

His wife was a very careful good woman, and kept her spinning-wheel going early and late ; but she, as well as the poor fisherman, had one great uneasiness, which they foresaw no prospect of being able to remove. Their little boy (for they had but one child) would never know either how to write or read ; his mother could not teach him, for she had never been taught herself ; and his father, though he could read a little, never had a moment to spare ; he was obliged to go out very early every morning : and when he was fortunate enough to catch his basket full of fish, he must walk immediately three or four miles to try to sell

it, and bring home something for their suppers ; and when that was done, he was so tired, that he was glad to go to bed.

Charles called at the fisherman's one day, to inquire for his dog, which he had missed all the morning ; and found little Joe sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him what he was doing.

" I am trying to write, Sir," said he : " but I only know six letters, and those are a T, an H, an E ; and an S, an H an I, and a P." " You have reckoned seven," said Charles — " but how did you learn them ?" " Yes, Sir," replied Joe, " I have reckoned the H twice ; but I learned them from the sign at the alehouse in the village. Somebody told me, that a T, an H, and an E, made THE ; and an S, an H, an I, and a P, SHIP ; for I can no more read than write ; but I would give any thing in the world, if I could. I should be so happy, that nothing would vex me afterwards."

“Then I will make you happy,” said Charles. “I am but a little boy ; but if you will mind to be ready for me every day at twelve o’clock, when I have learned my lesson from my Papa, I will come here and teach you ; I have an hour given me to amuse myself as I like ; and if you are as willing to learn as I shall be to teach you, you will soon be able to read and write as well as I do ; and, I assure you, Papa says I do both very well for a boy of my age.”

Both Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees to thank little Charles ; for it was what they both wished for above all things : and, the next morning, he put his book into his pocket, when his Papa dismissed him, and went to the fisherman’s hut, where he gave Joe his first lesson in reading ; and as soon as he had brought him a little forward, (having provided himself with, pen, ink, and paper,) he began to teach him to write.

Some months passed away in this manner, when a gen-

tleman, calling at the house, one morning, asked Charles's Papa, if he knew where his son was gone. He said, he supposed he was taking his usual walk, which he always allowed him to do at twelve o'clock, when his lesson was finished.

"I am afraid, Sir," answered the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself in a way you would approve of; I see him every day go at the same hour to the house of old Joe the fisherman, and I cannot imagine what pleasure he finds in such company, unless it is that he goes out with him in the boat."

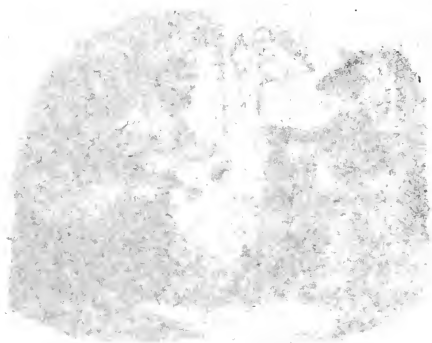
Charles's Papa was a good deal alarmed at this intelligence, and also a little displeased; for he had so good an opinion of his son that he thought he might have trusted him to go any where, without fearing he would either get into mischief, or run into any kind of danger, particularly that of venturing on the river, which he had been ordered never to approach



The moment the gentleman had left him, he went out in search of Charles ; and as soon as he came near the river, began to look up and down, and on every side, with the utmost anxiety, in the hope of seeing the boat. But not perceiving any thing like it, he grew extremely uneasy, for he concluded that he was gone with old Joe a long way up the river. Not choosing to go home without gaining some intelligence of his son, he went up to the hut, and put his head into the window, which happened to be open, little expecting the agreeable sight which met his eyes. Charles was seated at the upper end of the kitchen table, ruling lines in a copy-book, whilst Joe was reading to him very attentively ; and his mother sat at her wheel in a corner of the room, but so delighted with the objects before her, that she forgot her work in the pleasure she felt at her boy's wonderful progress, and reflecting that she might, perhaps, live to see him clerk of the parish.

Charles was a little confused when he saw his Papa,

and feared he would be angry at his having undertaken such a task without his permission : but he had no need to be uneasy : on the contrary, he was very much applauded ; and, the very next morning, was taken into the town, where he was presented with a great number of very pretty books, both for himself and Joe, with an inkstand for him, and a good quantity of writing paper and pens and ink. Charles was the happiest of all creatures, when he scampered away to the fisherman's hut, his little hands filled with the parcels, and his heart beating with joy : and his pleasure was increased when he spread out his presents on the kitchen table, to the wondering eyes of Joe and his mother.





THE GOOD GRANDSON.

THE  
GOOD GRANDSON;  
PEDLER JOHNNY;

&c., &c.

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PROVIDENCE:  
WEEDEN & PEEK.  
1849.

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## THE GOOD GRANDSON.

HERE comes a jolly tar! But not Eleanor Wilmot's brother William, though he is just as good a boy, and as happy has he is, when he comes home from sea, and finds all his friends well, and his little brothers and sisters smiling and pleased to see him. One climbs upon his knee, another behind his chair, and another seizes on his hands.

This jolly little tar brought presents to them all, and they would have kept him the whole day thanking him for the pretty things; but he got away from them as soon as he could, to run and see his poor old Grandmother Truelove, who had nursed and watched over him when he was a sickly child; and he never forgot her kindness. He ran into the house, where he found her sitting in her elbow chair by the fire, and emptied his pockets upon the table near her.

“Here is a warm shawl for you, my dear Grandmother,” said he, putting one on her shoulders, “it will make you comfortable this winter ; and here is a pair of gloves, to wear when you go to church—put your hand into one of them, they are lined with skin, and will keep your fingers warm ; and these shoes, which are also lined with fur, will warm your feet : and I hope you like my little presents ; I should be a very bad boy, if I had not thought of you, for you were kind to me when I could not help myself ; you have lost many a night’s sleep, sitting by my little bed when I was ill !—No, my dear Grandmother, I will never forget you !”

The good old woman was so delighted with the kindness of her Grandson, that she did not give herself time to admire his presents : but the following Sunday when she put on her warm shawl, her fur shoes, and her gloves, she felt the comfort of them so much, that she stopped every person she met to talk to them about it, and to praise her Grandson for his kindness to her.



## PEDLER JOHNNY.

It was a happy day at \* \* \* \* for all the children, when *Pedler Johnny* was seen coming down the hill into the village. I should not say *all* the children, for there were some among them who had not a single penny to lay out, and these poor things could only look at his basket, admire his painted Harlequins and his Whips, penny Horses, Tin Soldiers, and pretty Pictures; and when they had looked till they were tired, or were pushed away by some rude boy or girl, who had a penny or sixpence to spend, whoever happened to be present might see by their behaviour what kind of children they were. Some cried and roared, that they might have been heard a half a mile off, rubbing their eyes with their dirty hands, till their faces were full as dirty; others did not choose to be pushed away, but fought with those who pushed them: but the good children knew if their parents had had a penny or a sixpence to

spare, they should have been able to buy a toy as well as the others ; and if they were too poor, it would be wrong in them to desire it.

A good old gentleman who happened to be walking through the village, watched the behaviour of the children who surrounded Johnny's basket : after some time, he observed a quiet little boy and girl, who were looking with longing eyes at all the pretty things, but bought nothing, while the others were showing them what they had bought and were going to carry home : at length, a rude boy, giving each a blow on the back, pushed them away from the basket, and the poor little creatures with tears in their eyes were creeping slowly towards home, where the gentlemen asked them why they were going away without buying a toy ?

The gentleman was soon told the reason ; but they begged he would not think they were crying about the toys for they knew very well that their mother had no money

to spare ; she wanted all she could get to buy bread for them ; but they could not help crying because the boy had hurt them.

The old gentleman was so pleased with these little children, that he led them one in each hand back to Pedler Johnny, and bought as many toys for them as they could carry home, whither he went with them to see their mother, gave her some money to buy meat, and was kind to them always from that day.



NINE-PINS.

## THE NINE-PINS

"PRAY, nurse," asked Mrs. Maynard, "where are the children?"

NURSE.

"They are playing very quietly with Master William's Nine-pins, Madam; I shall go for them by and by, to take a walk—we shall go as far as the village. That dear little Miss Mary, though she is only four years old, has wrapped up her old shoes in a paper, as neatly as I could have done it, and is going to take them to Fanny for her little girl. You cannot think, Ma'am, how happy she is, that you gave her leave to do so. And Miss Frances, who likes to do as her sister does, has got *her* gift ready. The dear creature wanted to carry her coral necklace to

Fanny ! However, we have found two old night-caps, of which she has also made up her little parcel."

MRS. MAYNARD.

"I am very happy to hear that my children are so good, but I am much afraid, if William comes home, and finds them at play with his Nine-pins there will be sad work. I wish he were as good as his sisters ! But he is so passionate, and so cross to them and to the servants, always speaking in such a rude manner to every one, that I am quite vexed to perceive it. But we must find some way or other to break him of these naughty tricks."

A violent scream from the girls made their Mamma and nurse judge that the rude boy had arrived ; and they hurried toward the spot where they were at play, fearing he might hurt them. And it was well they did so ; for he was in such a rage at their having *dared*, he said, to touch his toys, that he was beginning to beat them with the

Nine-pins, and would have hurt them very much indeed if he had not been prevented.

Mrs. Maynard put all the Nine-pins into a basket, and then took William into the kitchen, where the cook was preparing a large fire to roast a piece of beef. She then directed her to put all the pretty painted Nine-pins, one by one, between the bars of the grate, and the two balls on the top; and this was done while William, held fast by a man servant, was made to look on, till they were all burned.

## ELLEN.

WHEN little Ellen asked her maid why the dog looked at her; instead of telling her the truth, which was, that he hoped she would give him something to eat; she said he was watching her, to see whether she would be a good child all day, or a naughty one. Ellen desired to know what he would do to punish her, if she were naughty; and Mary told her that he would tear her frock and scratch her—nay, perhaps, bite her.

Poor Ellen was very much frightened, because she believed all that her maid told her; not once supposing she would be guilty of a falsehood; and was very much surprised when, as she was sitting, the next morning, very quietly on the sofa by her Mamma's side, learning her lesson, Pompey, being let in the room, put his two paws upon her lap, tore her muslin frock, and scratched her



arm.—I must here beg my little reader not to be angry with Pompey; he was a very good-natured dog, and had no intention to hurt Ellen; but as she was always feeding him, he had learned to be very troublesome; and if she did not take notice of him when he came near her, he made no ceremony of putting her in mind of him, in some way or other.

When the little girl felt the smart of the scratch on her arm, she surprised her Mamma by assuring her, with tears in her eyes, that she had not done any thing naughty the whole day. But when Mamma was told how Mary had deceived her child, she was very angry indeed, and would have sent her away, if Ellen had not begged her Mamma to pardon her, upon her promising never again to utter a word but what was strictly true, but to teach her young lady to know, that it was God who always watched over her, and would reward her, if she were a good child, or punish her, if she were naughty.

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**CURIOSITY.**

CURIOSITY;

AND

ELEANOR WILMOT.

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PROVIDENCE:

WEEDEN & PEEK.

1849.



## CURIOSITY.

ARABELLA fancied there could be no pleasure in the world equal to that of listening to conversations in which she had no concern, peeping into her mamma's drawers and boxes, and asking impertinent questions. If a parcel were brought into the house, she had no rest till she had found out what was in it : and if her Papa rang the bell, she would never quit the room till the servant came up, that she might hear what he wanted.

She had been often desired to be less curious, and more attentive to her lessons ; to play with her doll and her baby house, and not trouble herself with other people's affairs : but she never minded what was said to her. When she

was sitting by her Mamma, with a book in her hand, instead of reading it, and endeavouring to improve herself, she was always looking around her, to observe what her brothers and sisters were doing, and to watch every one who went out or came into the room.

She desired extremely to have a writing master, because she hoped, that, after she had learned a short time, she should be able to read writing, and then she should have the pleasure of finding out who all the letters were for, which the servant carried to the post-office; and might sometimes peep over her Papa's shoulder, and read those which he received. One day perceiving her Mamma whisper to her brother William, and that they soon after left the room together, she immediately concluded there must be something going forward, some *secret* which was to be hid from her, and which, perhaps, if she lost the present moment, she never should be able to discover. Poor Arabella could sit still no longer : she watched them from the



window, and seeing that they went towards a gate in the garden, which opened into the wood, she determined to be there before them, and to hide herself in the bushes near the path that she might overhear their conversation as they passed by. This she soon accomplished, by taking a shorter way; but it was not very long before she had reason to wish she had not been so prying: for the gardener, passing through the wood, with an illnatured dog, which always followed him, seeing her move among the bushes, it began to bark violently, and in an instant jumped into her lap.

She was very much frightened, and, in trying to get away, gave him, without intending it, a great blow on the head, in return for which he bit her finger; and it was so very much hurt, and was so long before it was quite well again, that her friends hoped it would have cured her of being so curious: but they were much mistaken. Arabella's finger was no sooner well, than the pain she had suffered,

her fright, and the gardener's dog, were all forgotten : and whenever any thing happened, let the circumstance be ever so trifling, if she did not perfectly understand the whole matter, she could not rest or attend to anything she had to do, till she had discovered the mystery : for she imagined *mysteries* and *secrets* in every thing she saw and heard, unless she had been informed of what was going to be done.

Sometime after her adventure in the wood, she, one fine morning, missed her brother William : and, not finding him at work in his little garden, began directly to imagine her Mamma had sent him on some secret expedition : she resolved, however, on visiting the whole house, in the hope of finding him, before she made any inquiry, and accordingly hunted every room and every closet, but to no purpose. From the house she went to the garden, and from thence to the lawn, but William was no where to be found. What should she do !—" I will hunt round the

garden once more," said she : " I must and will find him, and know where he has been all this time ; why he went without telling me, and why I might not have been intrusted with the secret. I will not eat my dinner till I find him, even if he should not return till night."

Arabella went once more to the garden, where, at length, in a retired corner, which she had not thought of visiting, she found her brother sleeping under a large tree. He had a little covered basket by his side, and slept so soundly, that he did not move when she came near the place, though she was talking to herself as she walked along, and not in a very low voice.

" Now," thought the curious girl, " I have caught him : he must have been a long way, for he appears to be very warm and tired ; and he has certainly got something in that basket, which I am not to see ; and, I suppose, Mamma is to come here and take it from him, that I may know nothing about it. Mamma and William have always

secrets ! But I will discover this, however—I am determined I will !”

She then crept softly up to the basket, and stooped down to lift up the cover, afraid almost to breathe, lest she should be caught ; and looking round, to see if her Mamma were coming, and then once more at her brother, that she might be certain he was still asleep, gently she put her hand upon the basket, and without the least noise, drew out a little wooden peg, which fastened down the cover. “ Now,” thought she, “ Master William, I shall see what you have got here.” Away she threw the peg, up went the cover of the basket, and whizz—out flew a beautiful white pigeon.

A violent scream from Arabella awoke William, who seeing the basket open, the pigeon mounting into the air, and his sister’s consternation, immediately guessed what had happened, and addressed her in the following manner :

“ You see, my dear Arabella, the consequence of your curious and suspicious temper : I wished to make you a present to-day, because it is your birthday ; but you will not allow your friends to procure you an agreeable surprise ; for nobody in the house can take a single step, or do the least thing, without your watching and following them. I know you have long wished to have a white pigeon, and I have walked two long miles, in all this heat, to get one for you. I sat down here, that I might have time to contrive how I should get it into the house without your seeing it, because I did not wish to give you my present till after dinner, when Papa and Mamma will give you theirs ; and, whilst I was endeavoring to think on some way to escape your prying eyes, I was so overpowered with fatigue and heat, that I fell fast asleep : and I see you have taken that time to peep into my basket, and save me any farther trouble ! You have let my present fly away . I am sorry for it my dear sister : but you have no

one to blame but yourself. And, I must confess, I am not half so sorry for your loss, as I am for the fate which attends two poor little young ones, which are left in the basket, and who, far from being able to take wing, and follow their mother, are not old enough even to feed themselves, and must soon perish for want of food."

William's words were but too true ; the poor things died the next morning, and Arabella passed the whole day in unavailing tears, regret, and sorrow

**ELEANOR WILMOT.**

**ELEANOR WILMOT AND HER BROTHER**

**WILLIAM.**

**ELEANOR WILMOT** had a brother, four years older than herself ; she was very fond of him ; and when his uncle, who was master of a trading vessel, said he would take him to sea with him, she cried so much that her mother was afraid she would be ill ; but when they told her that it would be for his advantage, and that he might one day have a ship of his own, as his uncle had, although she was just as unwilling to part with him as she had before been, she thought it would be better to hide her sorrow from her brother, that he might not think she was grieving at what



ELEANOR WILMOT.

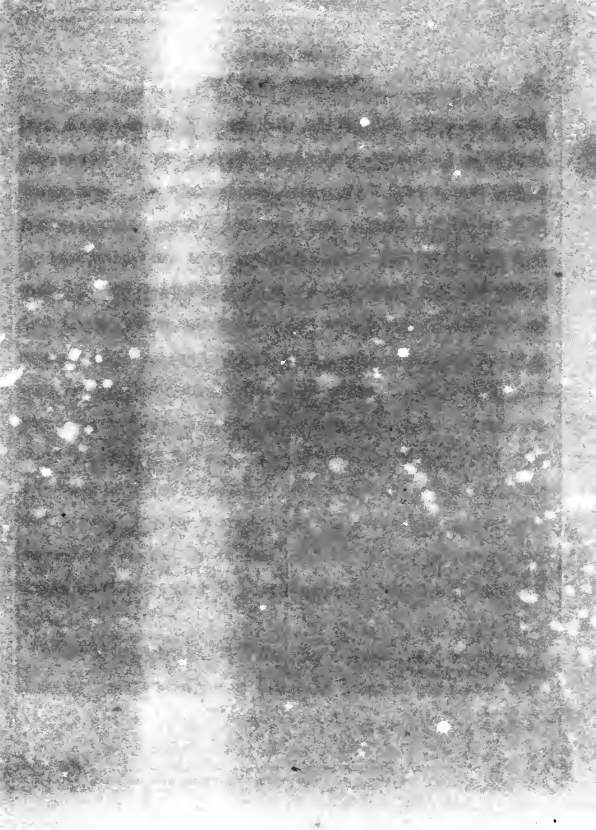


was so much for his good ; so, on the day he went away, she tried to smile, though her eyes were full of tears, and bade him take care of himself, and make haste to return.

As soon as he was gone on board, and the ship had sailed to some distance, Eleanor took her dear brother's dog Carlo and went down to the beach, and there she sat down on the pebbles, crying sadly, and saying to the dog, who was by her side, "Poor William is gone to sea ; I will pray to God to watch over him and take care of him upon the sea, as he has done upon the land, and I hope he will soon return to us again." Carlo did not know what she was saying, but he wagged his tail when she spoke and looked at the ship, for he had seen his master go into it, and would have been glad to go with him, if they would have let him.

After some months, William came home ; and he brought so many pretty shells and beautiful birds to his sister, that

she was quite delighted ; and he looked so well, and appeared so happy, that she thought it would be wrong to grieve when he went again, particularly as he was never long away at a time ; and she and Carlo, whenever the ship was expected, spent half the day on the beach, hoping to see it come round the Point, that she might be the first to run and tell her father and mother the joyful news.



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